

SOME INNER HISTORY.

John L. Sullivan by no means as Black as Sometimes Painted.

HIS MANY DEEDS OF KINDNESS

That Are Now Related for the First Time in Public Print.

HIS CHARITABLE EVEN TO A PAUL

On next Monday John L. Sullivan will in all probability engage for the benefit of his life. Heretofore he has been a man who, through fear or doubt, or already defeated before entering the arena, but now he will face one who will stand on his feet, every inch of ground, and yield, if yield he does, only when sickle nature refuses further allegiance.

For several years Sullivan has enjoyed the honor of being the premier fighter of the world. Upon him have been showered wealth and favor unequalled in the annals of pugilism; the wealth has been dissipated and the favor unquestionably abused; so in his case the coming encounter takes the form of a "last chance." Should he win, he may regain the respect of the people, but should he lose, he will prove the victor in the total collapse of his already waning star.

Probably no man was ever subjected to more systematic and somewhat undeserved abuse. It is rare, indeed, that pros or individuals have suffered more than Sullivan. And the writer feels that whatever may be the outcome of the pending contest that there are certain good points.

In his character that should be brought forward. It was while connected with the Boston Post, during the years immediately succeeding the Sullivan-Ryan fight, when the Boston man so easily disposed of the Troy giant, and when one saw without exaggeration that he was the idol of the city, not alone with the sporting world, but with those who had previously taken no interest whatever in sport of this kind, that I first met John L. Sullivan and learned to admire a certain sturdy honesty and independence characteristic of the man.

Many and many were the acts of kindness and genuine charity which he has performed for those who have received no credit, and which are now published for the first time. On one occasion he remembered going into the office of the Associated Charities. A case of extreme poverty, whose indignity required immediate attention had just been reported, and none of the special agents being at hand, I was requested to look it up and report. On arrival at the address given, a miserable tenement in the north end of the city, I was surprised to find a table in the center of the room covered with provisions.

On explaining my errand the occupant of the room, an aged woman, in the last stages of consumption, said: "Why, one of your men was here yesterday, and he brought this. He brought these provisions. Mentally anathematizing the stupidity of the officials in sending two people on the same errand, I was about to retire when a terrible tumult arose from the backyard. 'That must be him now,' said the woman. 'He is coming to get some food to make me a fire.' Out of curiosity I went to the window, and imagine my surprise to see Sullivan with his coat off, and his hair all matted, and he was engaged in splitting up an old barrel, an operation which, to judge from his exertions and countenance, I was sure was giving him considerable more trouble than the 'knocking out' process. I sat a seat, and in a few moments the door opened and he entered with an armful of provisions.

As his glance fell on me he changed color, and was apparently as abashed as a child caught in a naughty action. Here was a man whose drunkenness and brutality were the topic of daily comment, performing an act of charity and fear lest it would be discovered. An old fellow, almost a centenarian, whose husband had been decorated for gallantry by Napoleon I., formerly governor of a dilapidated hand organ on Tremont street, and now a beggar, was complaining from the residents of the vicinity, the police were ordered to remove him. This the officer was doing with unnecessary harshness.

On the old creature objecting, he pushed her from his side, and with a look of defiance, he seized the animal by the head and tossed it into the middle of the street. One glance at the creature, and he rushed to the station to make complaint. Sullivan was called to the woman to arise, shouldered the organ and tucked her arm under his own, accompanied her to her miserable home, and from that time until her death he provided her with a weekly pension, sufficient for her needs.

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A Remarkable Experience.

MR. H. ROBERTSON SAVED FROM AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Mr. H. Robertson, a native of Scotland, but who has been a resident of this country for several years, has been a victim of kidney disease with the following symptoms: He had a heavy dragging pain across the small of his back, extending from one side to the other, and a blood-stained condition of the bowels, high colored urine, and he noticed that sometimes it contained a reddish, brick-colored sediment, and at other times the sediment was of a light color. He noticed that he felt very tired in the morning, and as he gradually grew weaker, his stomach became affected. His appetite became poor, and he was constantly annoyed with sour eructations of gas from his stomach after eating, and on account of the kidneys not performing their function properly, he had become charged with rheumatic poison, so that he had much pain about his shoulders and different parts of his body. As he became more emaciated he began to cough, and he felt much weakness and weight across his lungs. In speaking of the matter one day, he said: "I doctored with the best doctors I could hear of, but was fast getting worse. I became nervous and thought I could not live. Finally I began treatment with the physicians of the Polyphasic Medical Institute, who are specialists for chronic diseases, and although confined to the bed when I commenced their treatment, my improvement was very rapid, and I have been entirely cured by these physicians. I gladly sign my name. H. ROBERTSON."

OR WHO WOULD WRITE HIM WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CASE, CAN HAVE THE FULL ADDRESS BY CALLING AT THE POLYPHASIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 420 PENN. AVE., PHILADELPHIA, OR BY MAIL TO 420 PENN. AVE., PHILADELPHIA, 10 to 12:30 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M., Sundays, 10 to 4 P. M. Consultation free. J. J. J.

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Two Early Morning Fires.

The alarm from box 85 at 12:25 o'clock this morning was occasioned by the burning of a portion of an unoccupied double frame house at the corner of Levens and Sawyer streets. It is owned by George Nemeth, and the loss is placed at \$500. Ten minutes later an alarm was turned in from box 218, caused by a slight fire in William Shaffer's barber shop on Penn, near Euclid avenue. The loss is about \$25.

ELEGANT cabinet photos, any style, \$1.50 per doz. Panel picture with each doz. cabinet. LIES' POPULAR GALLERY, 10 and 12 Sixth st.

Imported Port. 1828 Imperial Oporto Port, full quart, \$3.00 1869 Macon Port, full quart, 2.00 Fine Old White Port, full quart, 2.00 London Dock Port, full quart, 2.00 Fine Old Spanish Port, full quart, 2.00 For sale by G. W. Schmidt, 95 and 97 Fifth ave.

DIED. CRANE.—At his residence, No. 59 Esplanade street, Allegheny, on July 4, at 10 o'clock, in the 58th year of his age. Notice of funeral hereafter.

Turn About Fair Play. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. DAYTON, O., July 4.—Baseball—Morning game: Springfield, 10; Cleveland, 9. Afternoon game: Springfield, 10; Cleveland, 9. Error—Dayton, 3; Springfield, 4.

Two Victories for the Drummers. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. ENRI, July 4.—The McKee port and Erie Drummers played two games to-day. The first game was won by the Erie team by the score of 7 to 1. In the afternoon they won again by the score of 20 to 11. John Banker, the McKee right fielder, was killed in the field in an unconscious condition, but he is not dangerously hurt.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—Shortly after midnight this morning Dennis Donovan, 25 years old, shot his brother Thomas, aged 21 years, in the neck, and a few minutes later cut his own throat with a razor. Both brothers are in the Episcopal hospital. Dennis was wounded in the chest, and both are likely to die. The young man, who was the son of respectable parents, was alone together in the kitchen of their home when the tragedy occurred. From the best account that can be obtained, it appears that Dennis had suggested that they make a Fourth of July party. He went upstairs and got an old revolver which had not been fired since the Fourth. Returning to the kitchen and thinking the chambers empty, he cocked and snapped the pistol once or twice, and was in the act of handing it to Thomas when the ball striking Dennis Thomas in the neck.

THE MUSIC TEACHERS' MEETING. Officers Elected, Committee Appointed and Detroit Chosen for Next Meeting. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—There was a good attendance at each of the three sessions of the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association in the Academy of Music to-day. The morning session, which began at 9 o'clock, was entirely devoted to the business of the association. The election resulted as follows: President, A. E. Parsons, Chicago; Treasurer, William H. Dana, Warren, O.; Executive Committee, J. E. Hahn, Detroit; A. Stanley, Anna Arbor, Mich.; E. A. Pease, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Programs Committee, J. W. London, Cleveland, N. Y.; F. R. Webb, Staunton, Va.; Committee on the Animation of American Composition, Arthur Foote, Boston, August Hylleberg, New York, and Louis Hylleberg, New York. It was unanimously decided that the next annual convention at Detroit.

WINDOM'S PLAN. He May be a Candidate for a Seat in the National Senate. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, July 4.—There is a movement on foot to send Secretary Windom to the United States Senate in place of Senator Davis, of Minnesota. The leaders of the Windom movement are Congressman Nelson and ex-Congressman Nelson and Strait, of that State; and they are here to-day to consult with the Secretary in regard to the matter. The Secretary remained in the city for the purpose of meeting these gentlemen, as otherwise he would have accompanied the President to Woodstock.

Brushed Through the Mail. Three men assaulted James Sullivan in a house at the corner of Webster and High streets about midnight. He was trying to get into the gutter. The next instant he was seized, lifted bodily into the air, and tossed into the middle of the street. One glance at the creature, and he rushed to the station to make complaint. Sullivan was called to the woman to arise, shouldered the organ and tucked her arm under his own, accompanied her to her miserable home, and from that time until her death he provided her with a weekly pension, sufficient for her needs.

At the coming-in of the old Highland seaver, in which 12 workmen were buried, Sullivan was the man with sufficient courage to again and again visit the filthy, disease-breeding hole and rescue the sufferers, bringing out seven men alone. A horse attached to a cutter in which a gentleman and boy were seated got beyond their control and was in imminent danger of colliding with a street car. Sullivan, observing the danger, dashed out and seized the animal by the bridle and twisting his head around, he blew behind the ear with such force as to drop him to the ground, breaking the shafts and spilling the riders into the street.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. Observing that the horse did not like Sullivan, totally ignoring the old gentleman's thanks, proceeded to make an investigation, and finding that the animal was badly hurt, handed a \$5 bill to a boy and directed him to bring a veterinary surgeon to look after the horse. This was the big fellow returned to the store as coolly as if he had just done some thing of everyday occurrence.